

Dan'l Boone

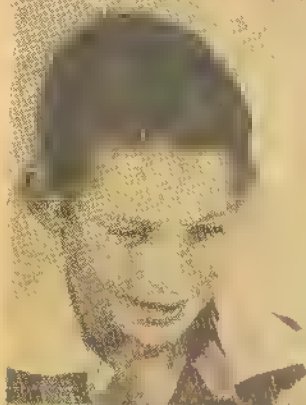
APPROVED
BY THE
COMICS
CODE
AUTHORITY

GREATEST FRONTIERSMAN OF ALL

NOV.
NO. 3
10c



A collage of various comic book covers from the mid-20th century, including titles like 'Supermouse', 'Startling Comics', 'Jetta', 'Mystery Comics', 'Fantastic Tales', 'Cosmo Cat', 'Strange Worlds', 'Exciting Comics', 'Daring Adventures', 'Casper Cat', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Barnyard Comics', 'Famous Funnies', 'Hill Country', 'Teen-Age Sweetheart', 'Jetta', 'Science', 'Quick Lunch', 'Snake Eyes', 'Miss Masque', 'Eerie', 'Exciting Comics', 'Casper Cat', and 'Daring Adventures'. A large, stylized speech bubble in the center contains the text 'WEB COMIC UNIVERSE.COM'.



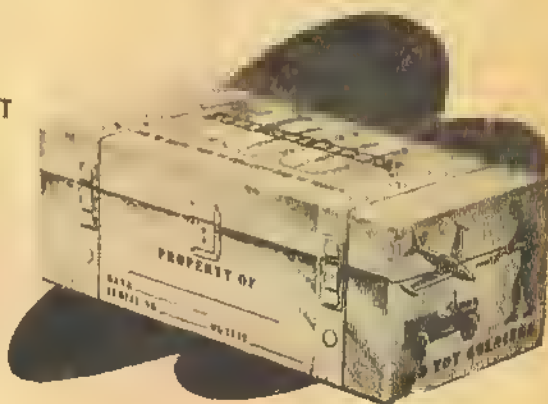
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HERE'S MY \$1.25 !

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Name

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NO COD'S

Dan'l Boone

SURE, DAN'L BOONE WANTED LAND! EVERY FRONTIERSMAN HAD A HANKERING TO OWN ACREAGE! AND IT WAS WITH BLOOD AND SWEAT THAT BOONE AND HIS KIND STAKED THEIR CLAIMS... WITH PRIDE THAT THEY SHAPED THE WILDERNESS INTO FERTILE FIELDS! BUT THEN A NEW ENEMY, CUNNING AND RUTHLESS, DESCENDED ON THEM LIKE LOCUSTS - AN ENEMY THEY CALLED

THE LAND-GRABBERS!



THE FOREST SILENCE IS SPLINTERED BY A SERIES OF THREE CLOSE-SPACED TURKEY BUZZARD CALLS! AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER--

IT'S HIGH TIME WE HEADED OUT OF THE FOREST, YE'RE A FINE LAD... BUT SPENDIN' YOUR LIFE WITH THOSE SHAWNEES I GRABBED YE FROM, HAS LEFT A PASSSEL OF ROUGH EDGES TO BE RUBBED SMOOTH BY BOOK-LEARNIN' AND SETTLEMENT LAMM!



TO TELL ME THIS YOU CALLED ME TO YOUR SIDE WITH THE TURKEY BUZZARD SIGNAL...

IT'S FOR YOUR OWN GOOD, BOY, YE HAVE TO LEARN TO LIVE WITH WHITE MEN OTHER THAN ME, YE--



JUST THEN-- **THE LAND-GRABBERS!**
...THE LAND-GRABBERS ARE AFTER ME!



FAST AS A PANTHER, BOONE CLIMBS A TALL TREE!



HIS EYES, KEEN AS ANY EAGLE'S, PIERCE THE FOREST'S GLOOM!



THAT'S HIRAM WATSON, ONE OF THOSE WHO CAME OUT TO KAINTEKUK WITH ME IN THE EARLIEST DAYS... AND HE'S IN MORTAL DANGER ON THAT WINDIN' TRAIL!



CHATTERING FLUENT SHAWNEE-TALK FOR SPEED'S SAKE, BOONE OUTLINE'S A RESCUE PLAN TO HIS YOUNG FRIEND! AND THEN--



BEST TO SWING THROUGH THE TREES!... IT'LL GET US THERE FASTER THAN RUNNIN'!

THEY HAVE REACHED THE WINDING TRAIL NOW-- JUST PAST ITS SHARPEST BEND!

SHHH-- LET HIRAM WATSON RUN BY....



CAN BOONE BE IN HIS RIGHT MIND? WHY IS HE DROPPING HIS LONG RIFLE TO THE GROUND...?

...WHEN HE KNOWS FULL WELL THAT JUST AROUND THE BEND THE LAND-GRABBERS ARE COMING, EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM CARRYING A FULL-LOADED WEAPON...?



HERE'S WHY!

HOLD FAST, LAD!



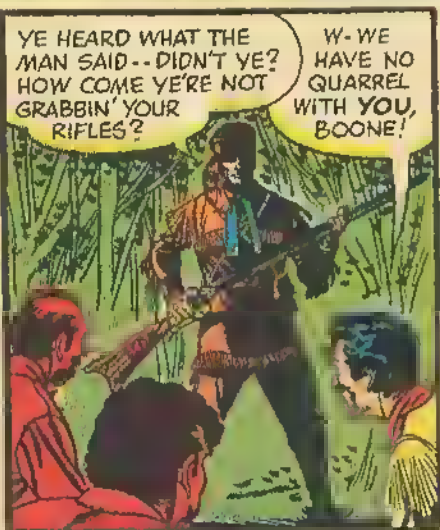
DON'T JUST LAY THERE!-- GRAB YOUR RIFLES -- IT'S ALL OF US AGAINST ONLY ONE MAN AND A YOUNG 'UN.



BUT THEN DAN'L BOONE STEPS INTO A SHAFT OF SUN-LIGHT WITH HIS FAMED TICK-LICKER!

YE HEARD WHAT THE MAN SAID-- DIDN'T YE? HOW COME YE'RE NOT GRABBIN' YOUR RIFLES?

W- WE HAVE NO QUARREL WITH YOU, BOONE!



HMMM-- RECKON I DIDN'T STOMP HARD ENOUGH LAST TIME I DROVE THOSE LAND-GRABBERS OFF FROM HEREABOUTS.

BOONE!

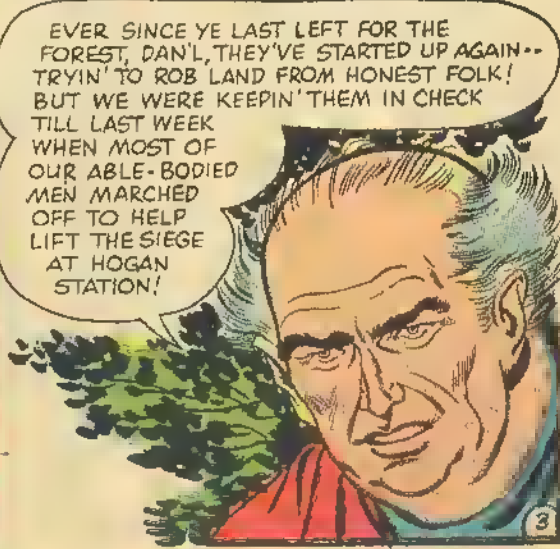


HIRAM WATSON-- HOW BE YE, MAN? YE HURT ANY?

THIS DAY WOULD'VE BEEN MY LAST IF NOT FOR DAN'L BOONE! THOSE LAND-GRABBERS TRIED TO AMBUSH ME BECAUSE I'D BEEN SPEAKIN' OUT AGAINST THEIR THIEVIN' WAYS!



EVER SINCE YE LAST LEFT FOR THE FOREST, DAN'L, THEY'VE STARTED UP AGAIN-- TRYIN' TO ROB LAND FROM HONEST FOLK! BUT WE WERE KEEPIN' THEM IN CHECK TILL LAST WEEK WHEN MOST OF OUR ABLE-BODIED MEN MARCHED OFF TO HELP LIFT THE SIEGE AT HOGAN STATION!



"THOSE LAND-GRABBERS WOULD HAVE MOVED ON LONG AGO, DAN'L, BUT FOR ONE MAN! WE DON'T KNOW WHO HE IS -- BUT WE'VE HEARD TELL HE KEEPS PAYIN' THEM WHEN THEY HAVE TO LAY LOW... AND HE DOES ALL THEIR EVIL SCHEMIN'!"



YE'RE RIGHT-- BUT THIS IS NO TIME TO WONDER WHO HE IS! THAT WASN'T THE WHOLE PASSEL OF THEM HERE IN THE FOREST...



AND THERE'S NO TELLIN' WHAT THE REST ARE DOIN' IN THE SETTLEMENT RIGHT NOW!



AT THE SETTLEMENT--

DRIVE ME OFF THE LAND... NOT WHILE MY SON'S OFF FIGHTIN' INDIANS!

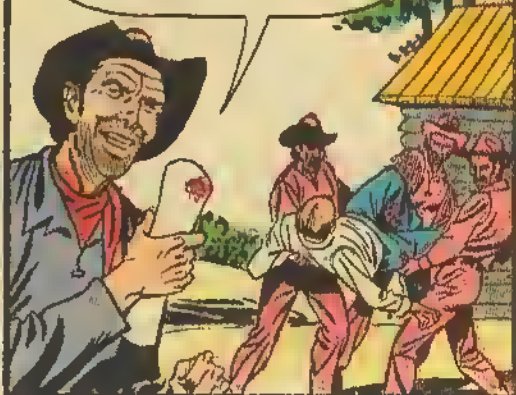
YE CAN'T LET THEM

NOTHIN' WE CAN DO, JONATHAN--

THEY HAVE PAPERS TO PROVE THE LAND'S RIGHTFULLY THEIRS!



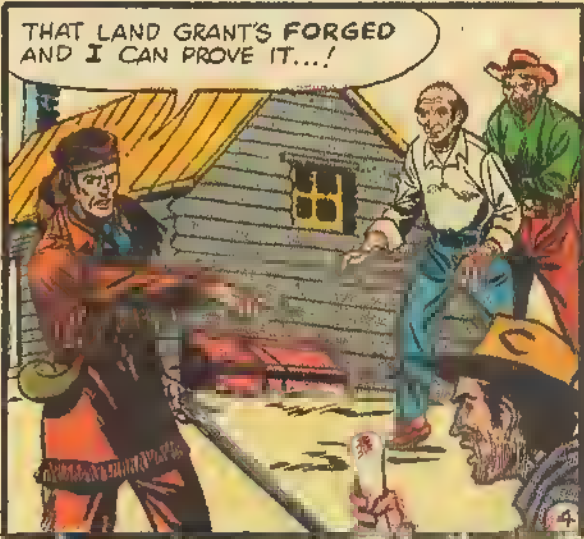
WATCH CLOSE, FOLKS--THIS IS WHAT'LL HAPPEN TO ANY MAN THAT'S FOOL ENOUGH NOT TO RESPECT A LEGAL LAND GRANT!



PUT HIM DOWN-- FAST!



THAT LAND GRANT'S FORGED AND I CAN PROVE IT...!



... BECAUSE THE PROPER GRANT TO THIS-
HERE LAND IS ONE OF MANY THAT'S
BEEN ENTRUSTED TO ME BY FRIENDS
FOR SAFEKEEPIN'!



NOW MOVE ON, CRITTERS! AND I'M WARNIN' YE
FOR THE LAST TIME -- FOLKS HEREABOUTS
DON'T FEEL KINDLY TOWARD THOSE THAT TRY
GRABBIN' LAND WITHOUT **WORKIN'** FOR IT!
TELL THAT TO THE MAN WHO'S AT YOUR HEAD --
WHOEVER HE IS...



TWO WEEKS LATER--

WE'VE BEEN LAYIN'
LOW AGAIN, LIKE YE

ORDERED. HAVE YE COME UP
WITH A PLAN YET FOR
GETTIN' THOSE LAND
GRANTS AWAY
FROM BOONE?

WHY ELSE
WOULD I HAVE
CALLED ALL OF YOU
TOGETHER...?!



**MEANWHILE, THE GREAT FRONTIERSMAN STAYS
ON AT THE SETTLEMENT, FOR THE MEN HAVE
NOT RETURNED YET FROM HOGAN'S STATION...**

I DO NOT LIKE THE SCHOOL HERE, DAN'L
BOONE. THE YOUNGER BOYS HAVE MUCH
MORE LEARNING. THEY MAKE FUN OF ME.



THEN, ONE DAY--

**IT'S TOM
BOWLES**

WHO'S THAT
COMIN' OUT
OF THE
FOREST?

WHO USED TO BE
SCHOOLMASTER
HERE! WE'D GIVEN
HIM UP FOR DEAD
OVER TWO YEARS
AGO!



I. I WAS (GASP) TAKEN
CAPTIVE BY THE SHAWNEES
... BUT I MANAGED TO
ESCAPE AT LAST! I'VE
BEEN RUNNING
THROUGH THE FOREST
ALMOST SIX DAYS
NOW!



WHERE
WILL I
STAY
NOW?
THERE
MUST BE
A NEW
SCHOOL-
MASTER...

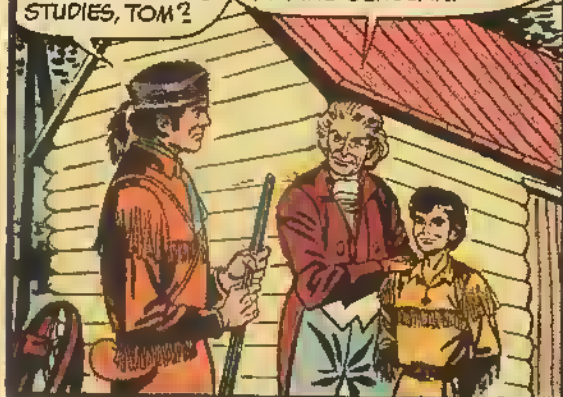
RECKON I CAN PUT YOU
UP FOR A WHILE, TOM.
AND IF IT'S **TEACHIN'**
YE WANT TO DO AGAIN
... I'VE GOT A PUPIL
FOR YOU RIGHT HERE...



SO NOW DAN'L BOONE'S YOUNG FRIEND HAS HIS OWN TUTOR!

HOW'S THE LAD COMIN' WITH HIS STUDIES, TOM?

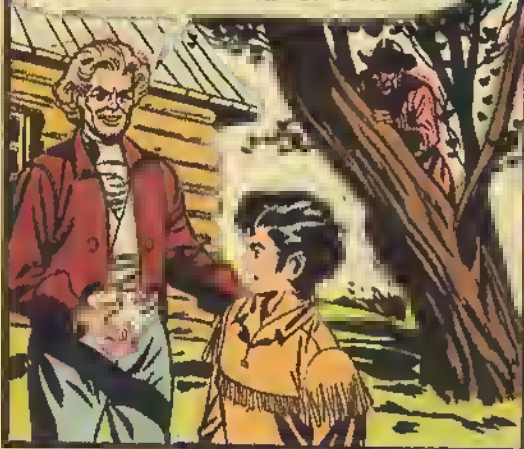
SLOW BUT SURE, BOONE. HE HAS THE MAKINGS OF A FINE SCHOLAR.



YOU'RE IN GOOD HANDS, LAD... AND THOSE LAND-GRABBERS SEEMED TO HAVE MOVED ON! I'LL BE OFF TO THE FOREST TO MEET THE MEN COMIN' FROM HOGAN'S STATION.



TAKE THE MORNING OFF, LAD. YOU'VE BEEN STUDYING HARD OF LATE.



A SHORT TIME LATER -

BOONE'S CABIN IS CLEARED! WON'T BE LONG NOW AND WE'LL HAVE OUR HANDS ON ALL THOSE GRANTS HE'S BEEN HOLDIN'!... OUR ORDERS ARE TO MOVE TO THE SETTLEMENT AND STAND BY!



AT THAT MOMENT--

WHY DID DAN'L BOONE LEAVE ME? WITHOUT HIM AT MY SIDE, THERE'S NO FUN TO BE HAD WALKING IN THE FOREST.



WHEN DAN'L BOONE COMES BACK, IT WILL BE HIS CABIN HE COMES TO FIRST. I'LL BE THERE WAITING FOR HIM.



HE HAS BEEN SEARCHING FOR SOMETHING THAT BELONGS TO DAN'L BOONE. HE IS NO FRIEND. HE MEANS TO HARM BOONE.

CAN'T LET THE BOY GET AWAY TO GIVE WARNING...



MISSED!... BUT MY MEN STANDING BY... I'LL HAVE THEM RUN HIM DOWN WHILE I KEEP SEARCHING FOR THOSE LAND GRANTS!



AND SO THE GRIM CHASE STARTS-- WITH THE FOREST SILENCE SPLINTERED BY THE PADDING OF MOCCASIN-CLAD FEET AND A SERIES OF CLOSE-SPACED TURKEY BUZZARD CALLS!

THIS IS THE TRAIL DAN'L BOONE ALWAYS FOLLOWS! HAVE TO WARN HIM... HAVE TO...!



THE BOY'S OUT OF WIND!... HE'S FALLIN' DOWN!



JUST THEN --

KNEW YE WERE HEREABOUTS, LAD, BY THOSE TURKEY BUZZARD SIGNALS!



LUCKY I'D ALREADY MET THE MEN ON THEIR WAY BACK FROM HOGAN'S STATION!... JOIN IN, FRIENDS! GIVE THEM SALT AND PEPPER!



AFTER THE RUCKUS -- HMMM... LOOKS LIKE WE HAVE A RIGHT BIG CLEANIN' JOB AHEAD OF US, LAD...



YOU'LL DO NO CLEANING, BOONE--
TILL AFTER YOU'VE HANDED OVER
THOSE LAND GRANTS!



SO THAT'S HOW THINGS
STAND, TOM? --YOU'RE
THE HEAD OF THE LAND-
GRABBERS! YE LET US
THINK YE'D BEEN KILLED
A WHILE BACK... AND ALL
THAT TIME YE'VE BEEN
SCHEMIN' AGAINST US!
AND AFTER HEARIN' I
WANTED A TEACHER
FOR THE YOUNG 'UN,
YE CAME...



I'M NOT
HERE TO
TALK, BOONE!
WHERE ARE
THOSE
GRANTS?

RECKON THERE'S
NO USE ARGUIN'
WITH A PISTOL
MUZZLE.



I HID THEM
RIGHT HERE
BEHIND...

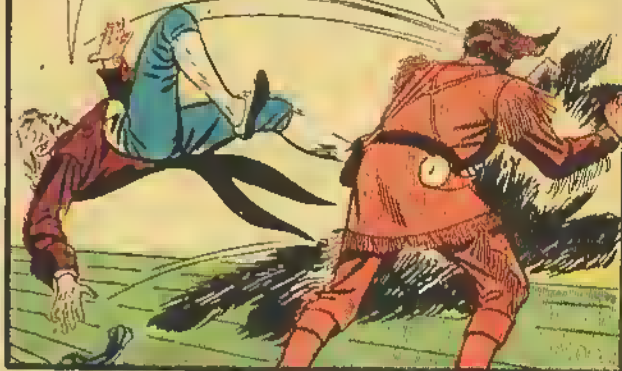
BOONE'S HANDING
THEM OVER WITHOUT
EVEN FIGHTING!



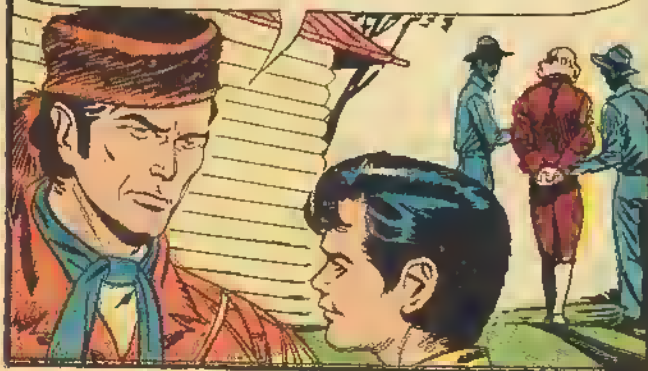
BUT THEN --

HEY?!

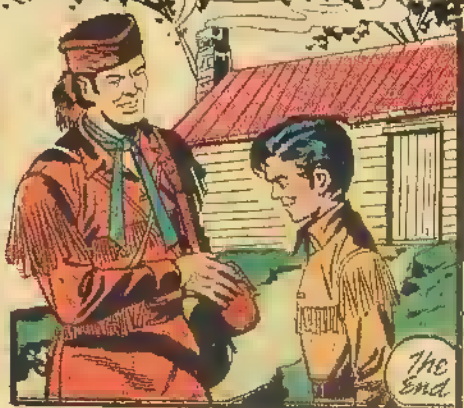
RECKON WITH YOU OUT OF THE
PICTURE, TOM -- THOSE LAND-
GRABBERS WILL REALLY BE
MOVIN' ALONG NOW!



I KNEW HIS TALE ABOUT ESCAPIN' FROM THE
INDIANS WAS A LIE -- FOR HIS SHOES WERE IN TOO
GOOD SHAPE FOR HIM TO HAVE RUN THROUGH THE
FORESTS AS LONG AS HE SAID! I INVITED HIM TO
THE CABIN SO I COULD KEEP AN EYE ON HIM AND
LEARN WHAT SORT OF MISCHIEF HE WAS UP TO...



AND JUST TO PLAY SAFE, WHILE HE
WAS AROUND, I CARRIED THOSE
LAND GRANTS IN THIS HERE EXTRA
POUCH!



The End

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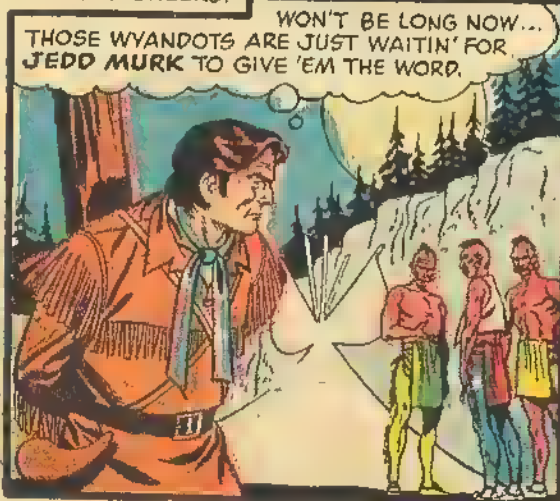
NO COD'S

Dan'l Boone

in "THE MAN WHO HATED DAN'L BOONE"



THAT'S DAN'L BOONE HIMSELF, THE FIRST OF THE PIONEERS!



YE WON'T MAKE ME BEG, JEDD MURK!
LIFE IS SWEET AND I DON'T RELISH
DYIN' - BUT I WAS NEVER ONE FOR
GOIN' DOWN ON BENDED KNEE!... YE
HATE ME, JEDD MURK! YE'VE HATED

ME EVER
SINCE THE
FIRST TIME
WE SET
EYES ON
EACH OTHER!



WHO WAS THIS
MAN BY THE
NAME OF JEDD
MURK? AND
WHY DID HE
HATE DAN'L
BOONE SO?...
WELL, ACCORD-
ING TO THE
RECORDS, JEDD
MURK SUFFERED
FROM BEING
SECOND
BEST! HE OUT-
SHONE MOST
FRONTIERSMEN
IN WHATEVER
HE LAID HIS
HAND TO - BUT
THERE WAS NO
OUTSHINING
DAN'L BOONE!

AND ONE DAY -- WILL YE LOOK AT
THAT HEAP OF
PELTREY MURK'S TRAPPED FOR
HIMSELF THIS WINTER!



DON'T JUST STAND THAR LIKE A PASSEL OF
STATUES! GET A MOVE ON - HELP THE BEST
TRAPPER IN ALL KENTUCKY UNLOAD HIS SKINS!



NOW HOW COULD YE BE CALLIN' YOURSELF
THE BEST TRAPPER IN ALL KENTUCKY, MURK -
WHEN DAN'L BOONE IS HALE AND HEARTY
AND OUT ROAMIN' THE FORESTS!



DON'T SAY THE NAME OF
BOONE AGAIN - DO YE HEAR!
I'M SICK OF HEARIN' IT DAY
IN AND DAY OUT!... I CLAIM
JEDD MURK TO BE THE BEST -
AND THAT'S JUST WHAT
I AM!



...AND MY TWO BIG FISTS ARE
ALL I'VE GOT I NEED!



IF YOU'RE AIMIN' TO STAY
HEALTHY, MURK -- UNCLENCH
THOSE FISTS.



BOONE!

I'M GLAD YE SHOWED UP, BOONE! I'VE BEEN ACHIN' TO TANGLE WITH YE FOR A LONG TIME NOW! AND TODAY- SKINNY SAPLING THAT YE ARE ...



... I'LL BREAK YE IN TWO!

ONE THING YE FORGOT, MURK- SAPLINGS BEND BUT THEY DON'T BREAK!



... AND AFTER BENDIN', THEY SNAP RIGHT BACK!

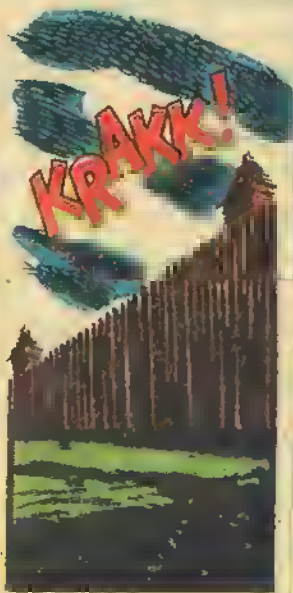


YE SURE SHOWED HIM PROPER WHO THE BETTER MAN IS, DAN'L!

BOONE'S NOT THROUGH WITH ME YET...



DAN'L-- WATCH OUT BEHIND YE!



WHEW!- DID YE SEE THE LIGHTNIN' SPEED WITH WHICH DAN'L TURNED, TOOK AIM, AND KNOCKED THE RIFLE CLEAR OUT OF MURK'S HAND!

NO QUESTION ABOUT WHO'S THE BETTER MAN -- IS THAR, MURK?



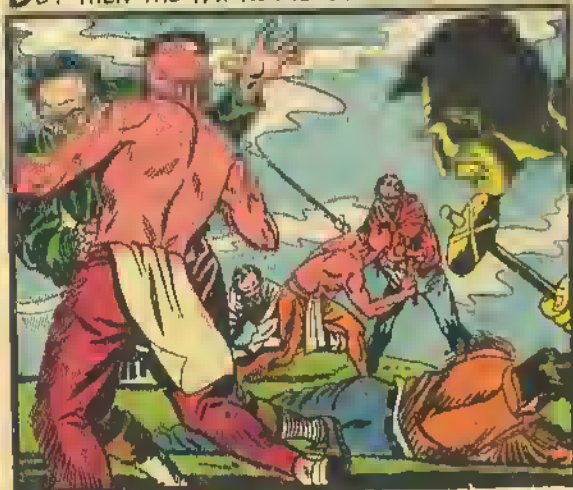
GO AHEAD, LAUGH!... BUT WHEN JEDD MURK'S FINISHED - NOT ONLY BOONE, BUT EVERY WHITE MAN ON THE FRONTIER WILL BE LAUGHIN' OUT OF THE OTHER SIDE OF HIS MOUTH!



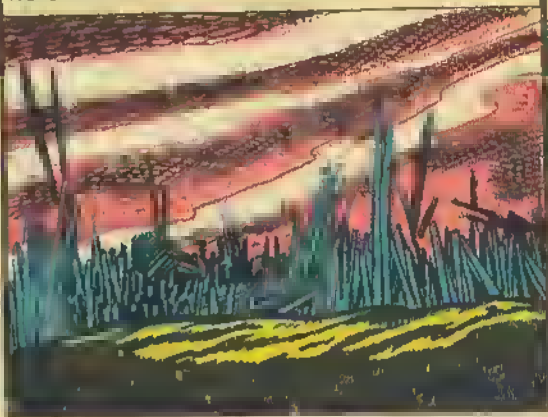
FOR A LONG SPELL AFTER THAT, NOTHING WAS HEARD OF JEDD MURK! IT WAS AS IF THE THICK SHADOWY FOREST HAD SWALLOWED UP BOTH HIM AND HIS HATRED!



BUT THEN THE WYANDOTS STARTED RAIDING!

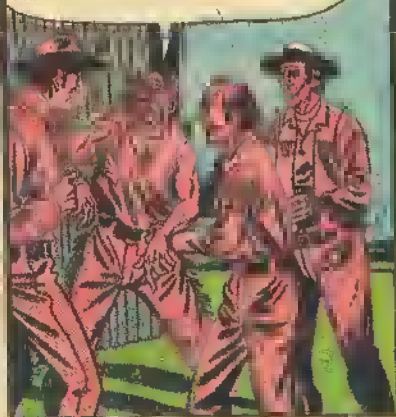


TWO MORE RAIDS FOLLOWED IN RAPID-FIRE ORDER BEFORE THE WORD HAD A CHANCE TO SPREAD! THAT'S HOW IT WAS WHEN THERE WAS NO SURVIVORS - NEWS TRAVELLED SLOWLY...



BUT AFTER THE FOURTH RAID--

I-I SAW HIM WITH MY OWN EYES!...JEDD MURK'S TURNED RENEGADE! HE'S AT THE HEAD OF THOSE WYANDOTS!



WHEN DAN'L BOONE HEARD--

LOOKS LIKE MURK AIMS TO TAKE OUT HIS SPLEEN ON THE WHOLE FRONTIER. RECKON I'LL HAVE TO TANGLE HORNS WITH HIM AGAIN!



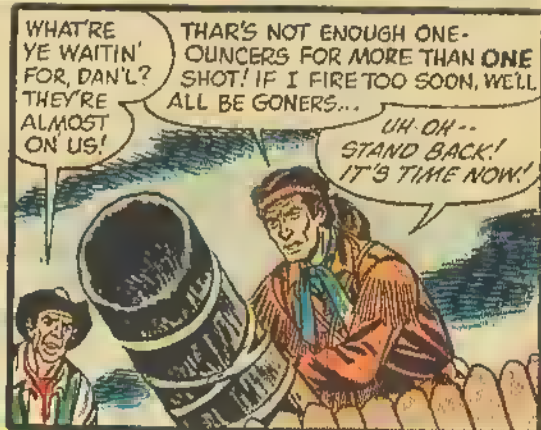
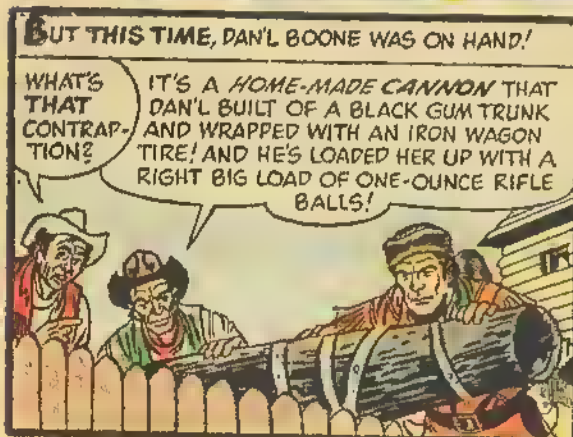
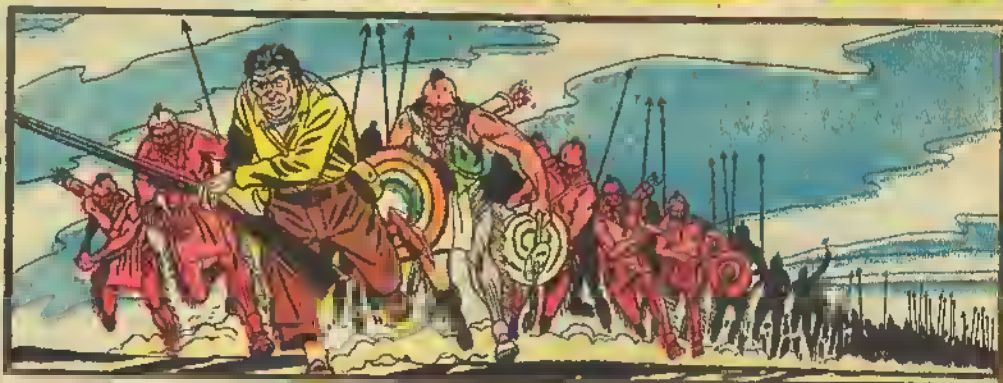
BUT MURK AND THE WYANDOTS HAD CLEARED OUT OF KENTUCKY FOR A SPELL TO FEAST ON THE SPOILS OF THE RAIDS--

BEST STAY BACK HERE...THE WAR TRAIL FEVER'S LIABLE TO SPREAD TO OTHER TRIBES!

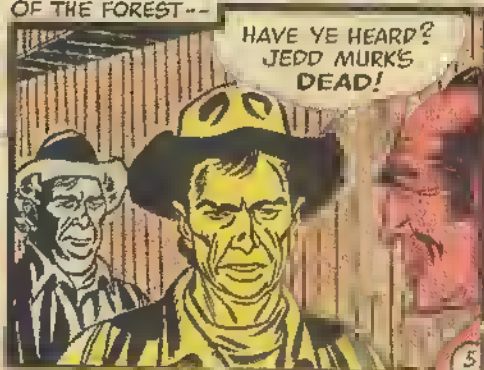




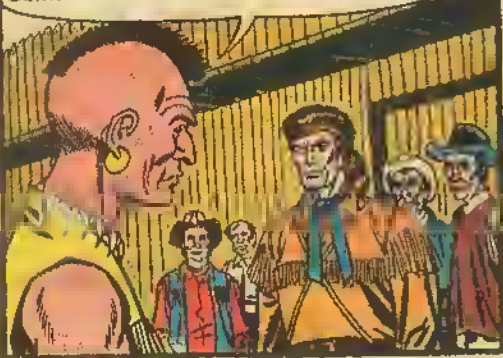
SO THE WYANDOTS CHARGED WITH JEDD MURK AT THEIR HEAD, SURE OF EASY VICTORY!



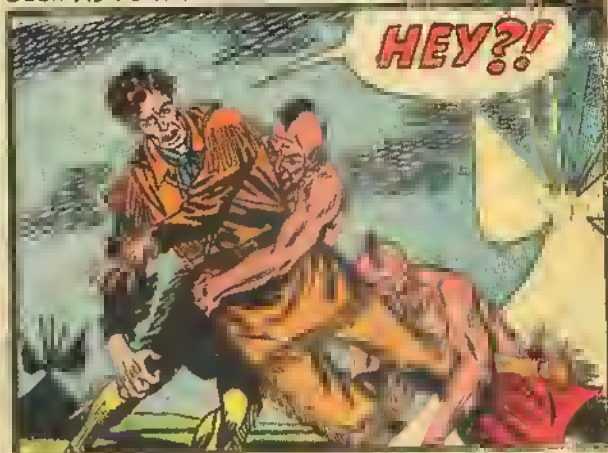
A WEEK LATER, GRIM NEWS LEAKED OUT OF THE FOREST--



THEN, THE WEEK AFTER THAT-- WYANDOTS WANT TO MAKE PEACE. BUT AFRAID THAT PALEFACES TOO ANGRY TO SIT DOWN WITH PEACE PIPE. SO FOR THE FIRST POW-WOW, THE GREAT WHITE HUNTER, WIDE-MOUTH, MUST COME TO WYANDOT CAMP ALONE.



SO DAN'L BOONE, EVER-ACHING FOR PEACE ON THE FRONTIER, WENT ALONE-- ONLY TO BE JUMPED AS SOON AS HE ENTERED THE WYANDOT CAMP...



... TO BE BOUND TIGHT, AND CONFRONTED BY A VERY MUCH ALIVE JEDD MURK!

FOR BAIT I USED RUMORS OF MY DEATH SO YE'D BELIEVE THE WYANDOTS MEANT TO TURN PEACEFUL, BOONE! AND YE WALKED RIGHT INTO THE TRAP!



SO THAT'S HOW MATTERS STAND NOW-- WITH BOONE AND THE MAN WHO HATES HIM, FACE TO FACE... AND ALL THE ODDS STACKED IN THE LATTER'S FAVOR!



SUDDENLY BOONE TURNS TO THE WYANDOT CHIEF--

ARE YE BLIND? CAN'T YE SEE MURK'S LEADIN' YE BY THE NOSE? THIS IS A PRIVATE QUARREL BETWEEN HIM AND ME... BUT YOU'LL BE THE LOSER! IF I MEET MY END HERE TODAY, SOLDIERS WITH LONG-STICKS WILL COME AFTER YE... AND THEY WON'T REST TILL YOUR WHOLE TRIBE'S BEEN LAID LOW!



MURK'S BEEN LYIN' TO YE, TELLIN' YE HE'S YOUR FRIEND...

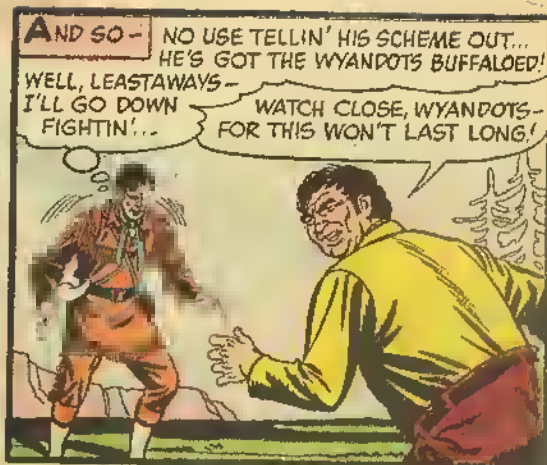
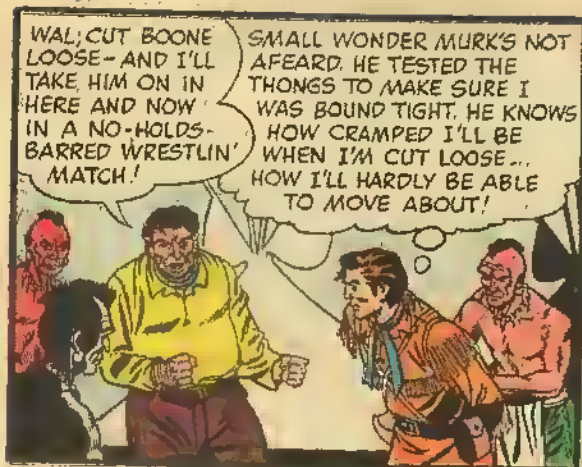
BOONE'S THE LIAR, CHIEF! AND I'LL PROVE IT TO YE HERE AND NOW!



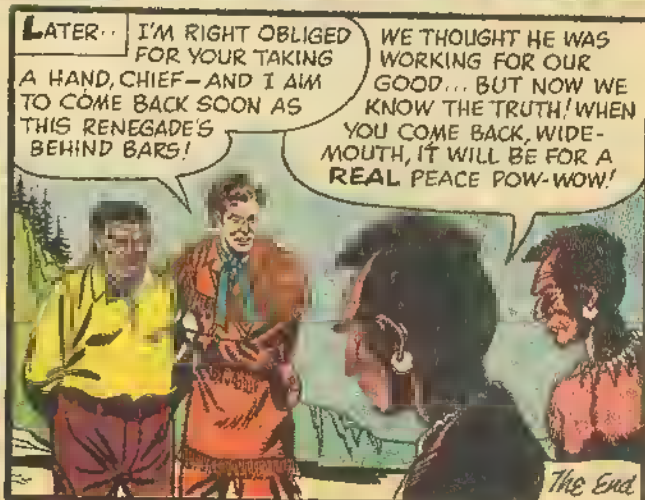
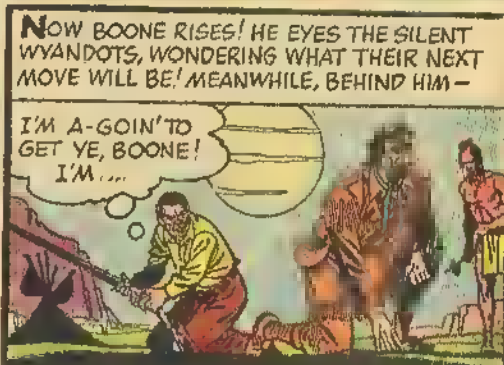
BOONE SAYS THAT I'M ASKIN' YOU TO FIGHT MY BATTLE!- THAT I'M AFRAID TO TAKE HIM ON MYSELF...!

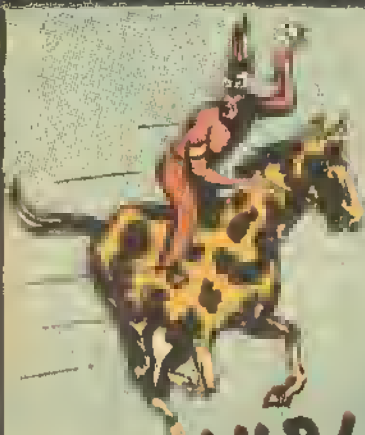
WHAT'S MURK TESTIN' MY THONGS FOR...?





IT TAKES ALL OF BOONE'S STRENGTH AND AGILITY AT FIRST JUST TO KEEP DODG-ING! AND FOR A LONG TIME HE DOES NOTHING ELSE!





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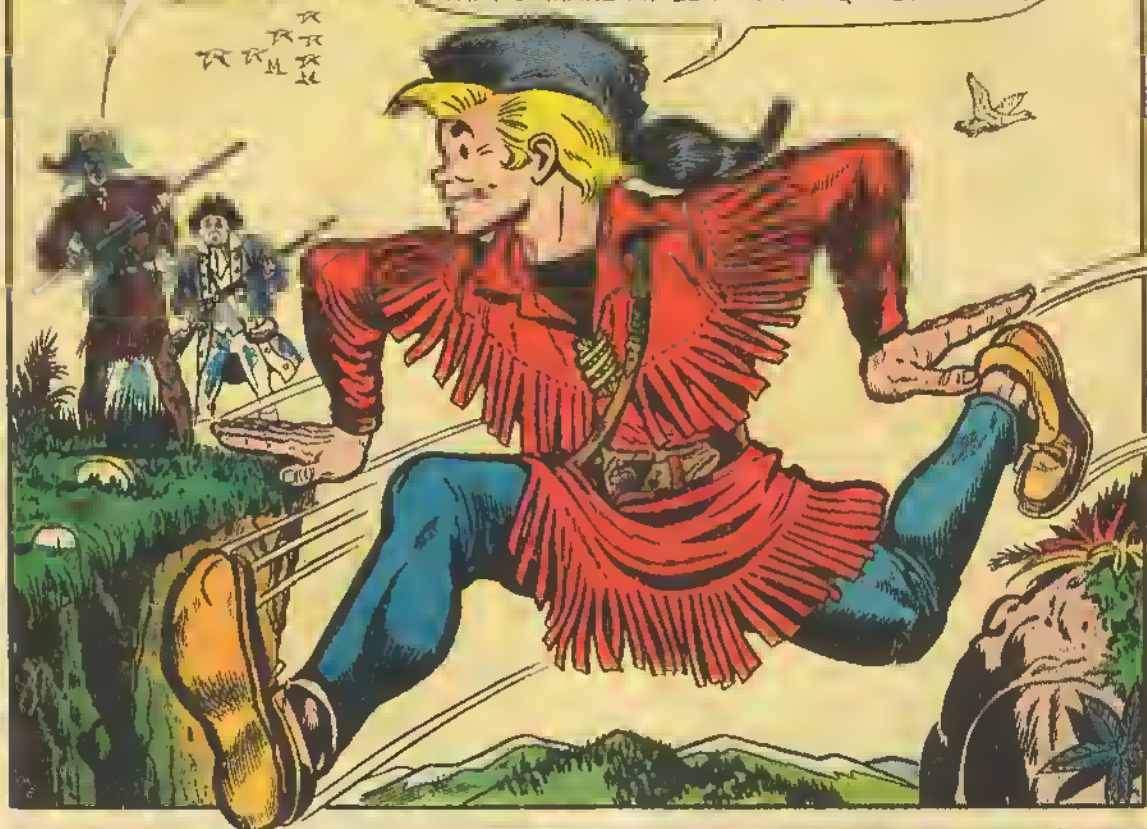
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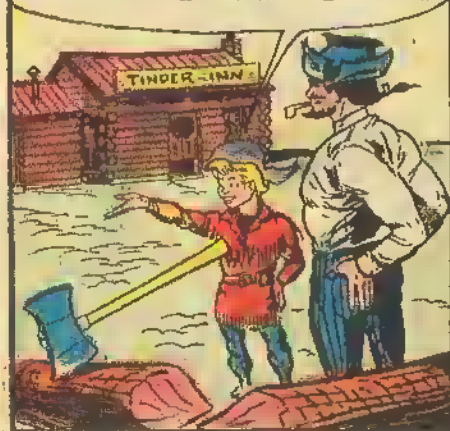
JOLLY JIM DANDY

HEY, WHAT'S *THAT*
FLYIN' THROUGH THE AIR—
A GOOSE?

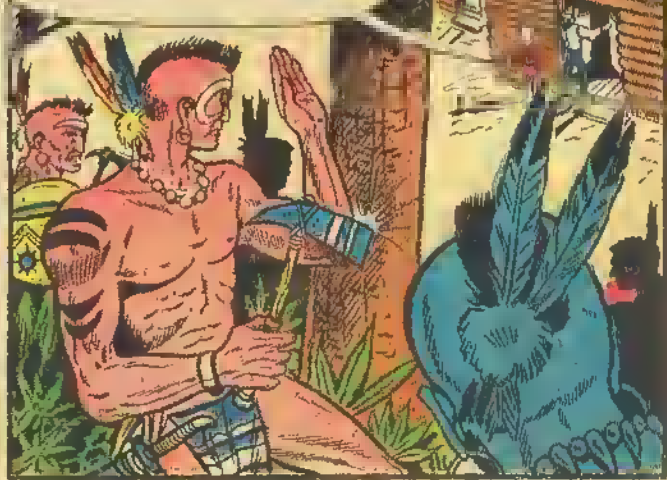
I AIN'T NO GOOSE, YE OVERGROWN MOOSE!
I'M JOLLY JIM DANDY ON THE LOOSE—
A-RUNNIN' FROM SOME FRONTIER VITTLES
THAT'D MAKE MY BELLY ACHE QUITE A LITTLE!



THAT'S A RIGHT FINE INN YE'VE
BUILT, MORT TINDER, TO BE RUN BY
YOURSELF AND YOUR NEW WIFE,
ABIGAIL! BUT SEEMS TO ME YE'VE
CHOSEN SO **LONESOME** A SITE!!!



/// YOUR FIRST PATRONS
ARE LIKELY TO BE NON-PAYIN'
WAR-WHOOPIN' **INDIANS**!



AIN'T AN INDIAN ALIVE
THAT CAN BEST **ME**,
JOLLY JIM— AND
WHEN IT COMES TO
KNOCKIN' MENFOLK
LOW!!!



"SWEET LITTLE
ABIGAIL AIN'T NO
SLOUCH NEITHER!

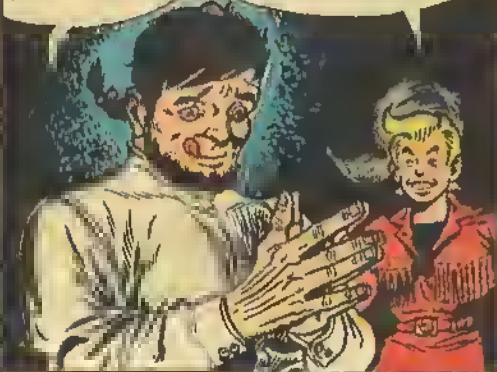


HMMM— I SEE
WHAT YE MEAN!



NOTHIN' LIKE A
CLOUT ON THE
HEAD TO MAKE A
MAN PINE AFTER
HIS WIFE'S
FIRST MEAL!

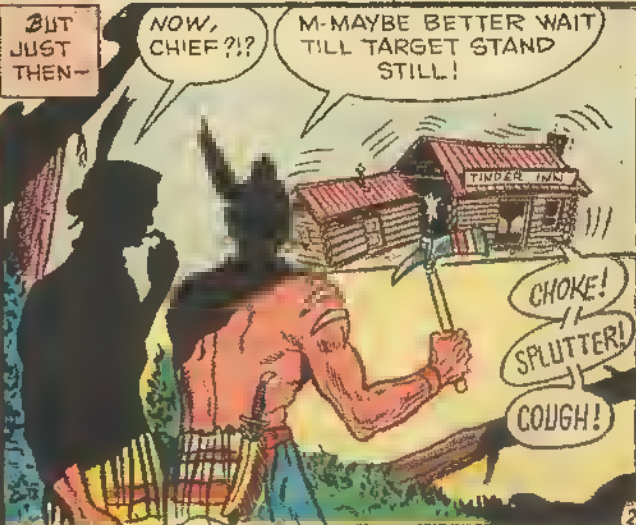
RECKON WE'LL HAVE
TO WAIT TILL ABIGAIL
COMES BACK FROM
VISITIN' HER MOTHER
AT THE SETTLEMENT—
EH?



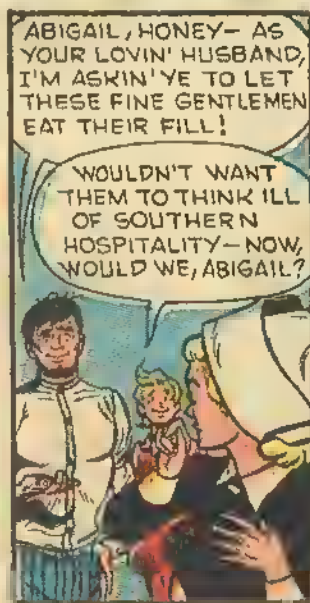
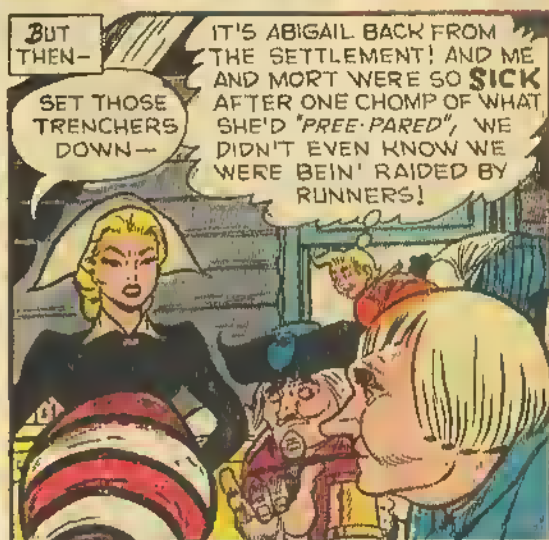
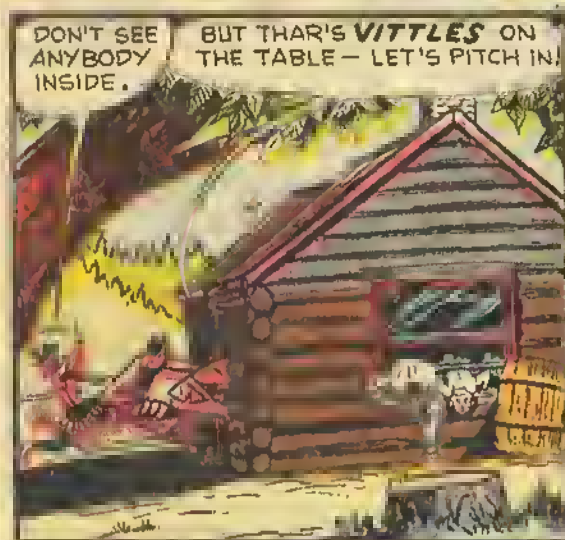
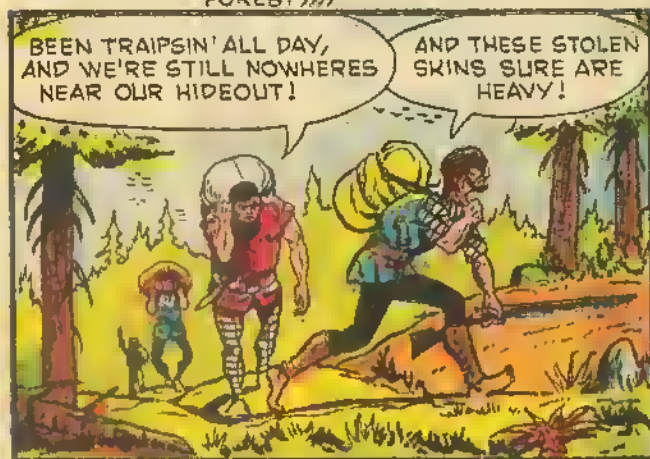
NOPE— ABIGAIL PREE-PARED
THESE VITTLES BEFORE LEAVIN'.
ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS
DIG RIGHT IN.

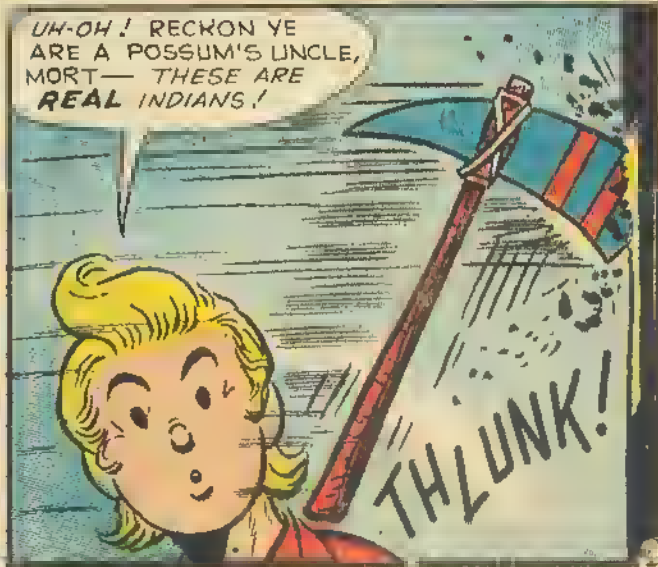
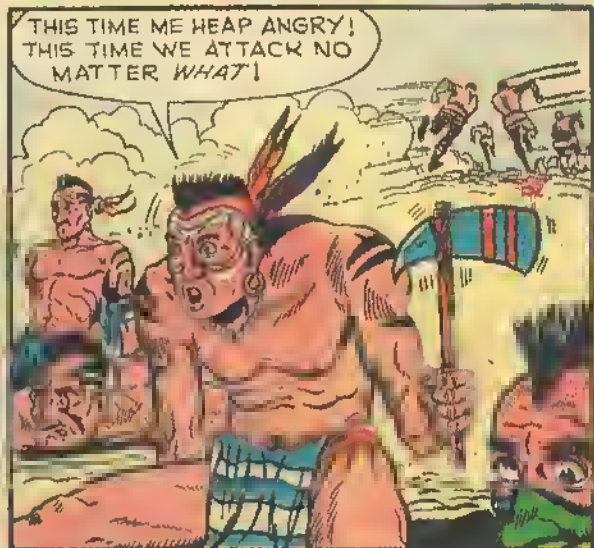
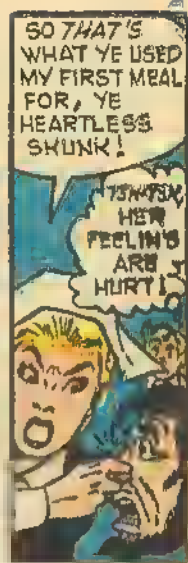
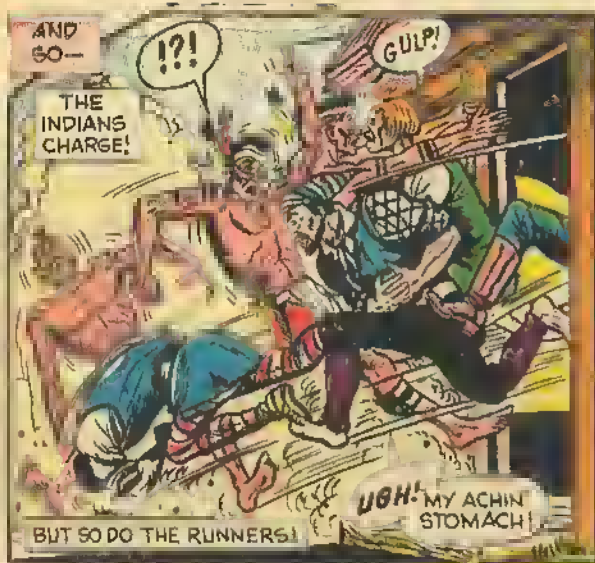


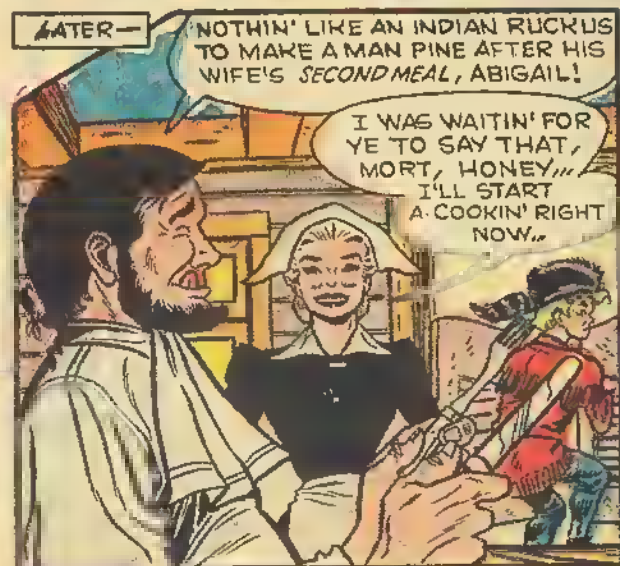
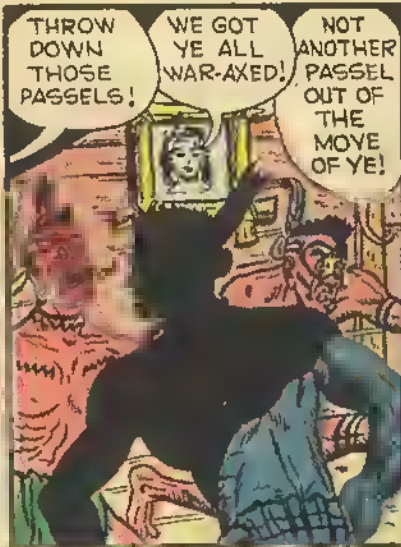
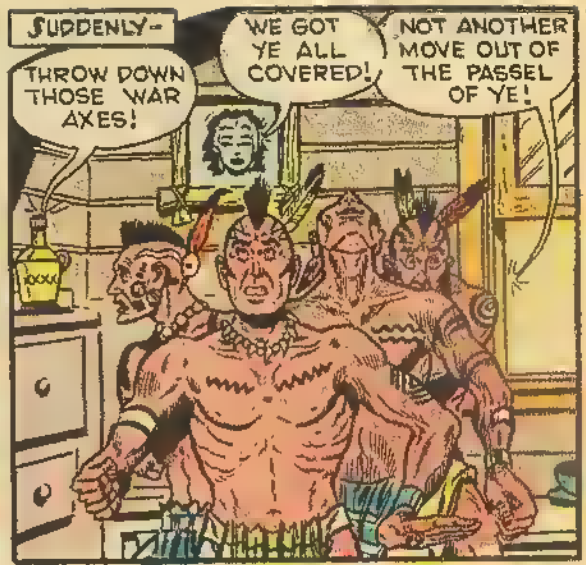
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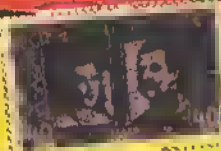
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We bring you the third in a series of stories dealing with the early days of the frontier.

THE BEAR CUB

They came swaggering out of the forest, their cruel faces hot with anger against all decent things.

They were the dregs of the great army that had fought against England—and now, after Yorktown, after all the decent soldiers had gone home, they were still roaming the face of the land. They were still at war—but this time as criminals against their own countrymen. And some of them had roamed as far as the frontier. . . .

The settlers stood fast in front of their cabins, grimly watching the approaching band. The settlers weren't welcoming any ruckus—they had their fill fighting Injuns and beasts of the forest. But if trouble was heading their way, they aimed to protect their families and their cabins.

"We're walkin' tornadoes—and we'll blow down the fool that tries to stand up to us!"

"We're lightnin' and thunder!"

The bullies kept swaggering forward as they shouted their threats. Their leader was a gaunt fox-faced man with a high-pitched voice. His taunts could be heard above all the rest.

The settlers' knuckles bulged palely as they tightened grips on their Kentucky rifles. The bullies came closer. . . .

Meanwhile, in the nearby forest, Jim Kirby was moving through the thick shadows, quiet as a cat, and smiling.

Kirby's smile was passing strange—for dead ahead could be heard enough grunting, roaring, hard breathing, thumping, and outcries for a dozen ruckuses all rolled into one.

Then, his smile deepening, Kirby reached

the edge of a clearing—and the cause of his jollity was there before him, rolling in the dust, plain to see.

His young friend, Tad Jones, was wrestling with a bear!

The two of them, boy and young grizzly, were thrashing about mightily, filling the air with the sight and sound of fury—but without, and this Kirby knew well, a ghost of a chance of either being harmed.

Kirby kept watching with twinkling eyes. He was remembering the day Tad had found the cub, lost and whimpering, on a forest trail.

And how before he, Kirby, could cry warning to Tad that the cub's mother might be nearby, the cub was up in the boy's arms, being fondled and cooed at.

And then the thunderous roar as the big grizzly had sighted her offspring . . . the lumbering charge forward . . . Tad frozen into statue-stillness by shock, not moving though square in the path of those huge slashing paws . . . and Kirby himself prayerfully sighting along the barrel of his Kentucky rifle, knowing there'd be no time to reload if he missed . . . Kirby squeezing trigger . . . the sharp crack of man-made thunder . . . and then the grizzly spinning around as the bullet thwacked into its hide, sighing, and crumpling slowly, like a giant poplar, to the ground.

And so there they'd been, the four of them with the rifle shot's echoes still humming about them—Kirby, Tad, the whimpering cub, and the dead grizzly. And Tad's first words had been to ask if he could keep the cub for his own.

"After all," he'd said, "it's because of me that he's motherless now."

Jim Kirby had hesitated for a long minute—knowing that a bear cub took as much handling as a human infant, that they'd be slowed down a heap if. . .

But then seeing the longing in Tad's eyes, and knowing the love all boys felt for small furry things, Kirby had softened and said yes.

But he had masked his softening with surliness, growling that both he and Tad were fools, and that "this here is one good turn that will never come home to roost. . ."

That had been months ago . . . and since then the bear cub had grown fast as a canebrake and broad as thousands of canebrakes banded together and now young grizzly and Tad were as close and fond of each other as two fingers of the same hand. And their special sport, this rasslin' game, was something to turn a stranger's hair white if he didn't know it was all in fun.

Tad had climbed to his feet, and was grinning at Kirby. "We're something fierce, we two—eh?" he said, pointing first to the bear and then to himself.

Kirby's answer was to cuff the boy gently on the shoulder, and then the three of them—Kirby, Tad, and bear, began walking for the settlement. . .

"We have fists big as mountains—and our blows are like avalanches!"

Back at the settlement, the bullies had come so close, they didn't have to shout any more; they were jeering their threats softly.

For a long time the settlers said nothing, and their spreading silence was an admission that there was no use trying to sidestep the ruckus. But then, in a last-minute try for peace, one of the older men among them spoke up. "What is it ye want of us?" he said.

"Now that's hardly a welcomin' tone," the bullies' fox-faced leader said in his high-pitched voice. "Now is it, men?"

"Sure ain't!"

"Looks like we'll have to teach 'em proper manners."

"Too bad—'cause we're mighty rough teachers. . ."

This was the moment for the powder keg to explode, for shots to ring out, men start to grapple, some fall to the ground . . . but at this moment, Jim Kirby strode out of the forest.

Kirby was frowning as he walked forward. He'd had time to spot the bullies for what they were—evil men who'd proved themselves cowardly in war, and now in peace had banded together to push brave men around, not caring how much anguish they created—as long as they caused others to fear them. And Kirby knew the settlers

could beat them off in a ruckus if need be. But that would mean needless bloodshed that was best avoided. And that was why, before striding out of the forest alone, Kirby had whipped-up a plan. . .

"Howdy," Kirby said, careful to balance his voice between friendliness and firmness. "I'm Jim Kirby. Right glad to see ye *passin' through*."

"Who said we're *passin' through*?" the fox-faced man hissed. "Who said we don't aim to stay awhile?"

"Wouldn't want ye to have to swallow your words," Kirby said softly. "So I reckoned ye'd be better off *passin' through*."

"What words?!"

"Ye know—about bein' mountains and avalanches. Such like talk about how rough and fearless ye are."

The fox-faced man's voice broke shrilly now. "And WHAT would make us swallow those words?"

"Just so happens," Kirby said evenly, "every man here can handle two of your likes with one hand tied behind his back. Come to think of it—so could our young 'uns."

"WHAT?!"

"Wal, if ye don't believe me," Kirby said, still unsmiling, "just look over yonder. . ."

And just then, answering Kirby's signal as had been planned—rolling and roaring, grunting and breathing hard, clawing at each other in the fiercest looking rasslin' game they'd ever played, Tad and his bear tumbled out of the forest.

Well, one look at boy and bear seemingly locked in mortal combat, the bear fearsome and the boy fearless, was enough to make those bullies turn pale, sweat-ice, and think twice.

If the young 'uns hereabouts *rassled with grizzlies* . . . shucks—what would the *grown men* do if riled enough?

Quick as a whip, those bullies turned heel and melted back into the forest. They kept running, fear prodding them, till they'd cleared the frontier . . . and the tale's spread that some of 'em were so struck by the strength and courage that honest bear-rasslin' boy had shown, they turned to honesty themselves.

Back at the settlement, everybody laughed so much, they bent over double and kept hitting their knees.

Even Tad's bear, whom they all knew to be tame, standing on his hind legs, begging Tad to scratch his underchin, seemed to be laughing too.

And you can be sure that Jim Kirby was right glad he'd let Tad keep that cub . . . and he was right glad too that he'd been dead wrong about this here bein' one good turn that would never come home to roost. . .

THE END

Dan'l Boone

in "WAR TRAIL"



A LONE CHEROKEE RUNS
THROUGH THE FOREST--

WAIT TILL MY TRIBESMEN
HEAR THE NEWS I BRING
OF THE GREAT WIDE-MOUTH!



EDITOR'S NOTE: DANIEL
BOONE WAS CALLED "WIDE-
MOUTH" BY THE INDIANS
OF KENTUCKY.

WIDE-
MOUTH
HAS LEFT
THE SETTLE-
MENT!

YOUR NEWS
FILLS OUR
HEARTS WITH
GLADNESS!
NOW IT WILL
BE SAFE TO
TAKE THE
WAR TRAIL!



LONG HAVE WE WAITED FOR NEWS
OF WIDE-MOUTH'S LEAVING. FOR
YOU REMEMBER MY DREAM...



EDITOR'S NOTE: DREAMS OF VICTORY
OR DISASTER ON THE EVE OF A
WAR TRAIL, WERE REGARDED AS
SURE PORTENTS BY THE
SUPERSTITIOUS INDIANS.

"I DREAMED THAT WHEN WE ATTACKED, THE GREAT WIDE-MOUTH ROSE UP AMONG US, AND LAID WASTE OUR WARRIORS WITH HIS LONG STICK AND BIG FISTS!"



WIDE-MOUTH HAS THE COURAGE OF TEN PANTHERS, THE STRENGTH OF TEN BUFFALO, AND THE WISE MEDICINE OF TEN SACHEMS! BUT NOW HE HAS LEFT TO HUNT IN THE FOREST-- AND WE CAN ATTACK THE SETTLEMENT WITHOUT FEARING HIM!

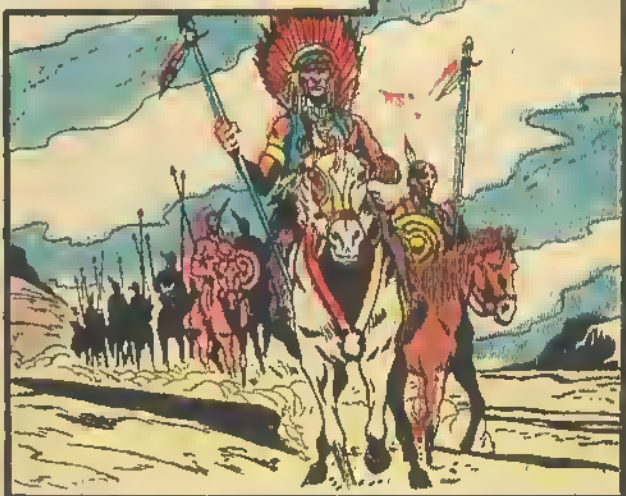


BUT WHAT IF WE MEET WIDE-MOUTH IN THE FOREST AS WE MOVE TOWARD THE SETTLEMENT?

WE SHALL TELL HIM WE ARE HUNTING! AND AS SOON AS HE PASSES, WE SHALL RACE ON AND ATTACK!

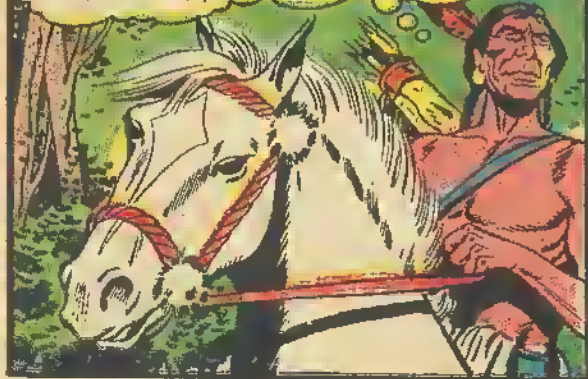


SO THE WAR TRAIL STARTS!



YELLOW BEAVER IS THE ADVANCE SCOUT! YELLOW BEAVER, WHOSE EYES ARE THE KEENEST OF ALL THE WARRIORS, AND WHOSE EARS ARE THE SHARPEST!

ONLY WE ARE IN THIS PART OF THE FOREST! I CAN SIGNAL THE REST TO ADVANCE!



JUST THEN-- NICE MORNIN' TO BE TRAIPSIN' AROUND OUT OF DOORS, ISN'T IT?

WIDE-MOUTH!



ONLY BOONE COULD HAVE HIDDEN SO UNSEEN!
ONLY BOONE COULD HAVE SLIPPED UP ON THEM
SO NOISELESSLY!



WE ARE ON A HUNT, WIDE-
MOUTH! THE MEAT RACKS IN
OUR LODGES HANG EMPTY!

FROM WHAT I'VE HEARD-TELL, THESE
CHEROKEES HAVE HAD THEIR FULL OF
BUFFALO STEAK THIS SEASON! AND NONE
OF THESE WARRIORS LOOKS STARVED!...

RECKON I'LL
TRAIPISE ALONG
TO HELP YE
OUT. I'M A
FAIR HAND
WITH THE
RIFLE.



HE SUSPECTS!
WHY DO WE
NOT USE
OUR WAR-
AXES ON
HIM NOW?

NO--THE
MAGIC OF
WIDE-MOUTH
IS SO STRONG,
HE WOULD
RETURN FROM
THE HAPPY HUNTING
GROUND TO DESTROY
US!



SUDDENLY-- STAND BACK,
FRIENDS--

I'VE SPOTTED A DEER ON
YONDER RIDGE-LINE! YE'LL
BE FILLIN' YOUR STOMACHS
RIGHT SOON NOW!



LATER-- NOT ONE OF 'EM IS TOUCHIN' THE
VENISON... AND I KNOW WHY!
WHenever THEY'VE SET OUT ON THE
WAR TRAIL, THE FIRST DEER BROUGHT DOWN
MUST BE OFFERED TO THE GODS! LOOKS LIKE
I BETTER BE MOSEYING ALONG TO WARN
THE SETTLERS...!

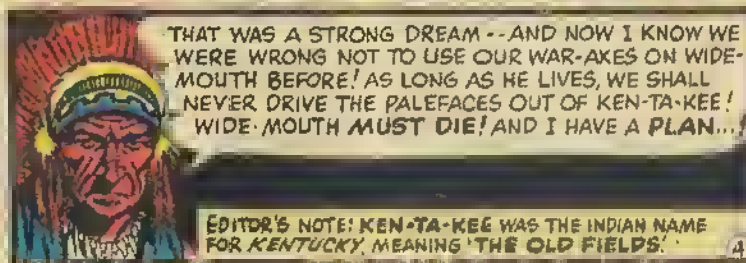
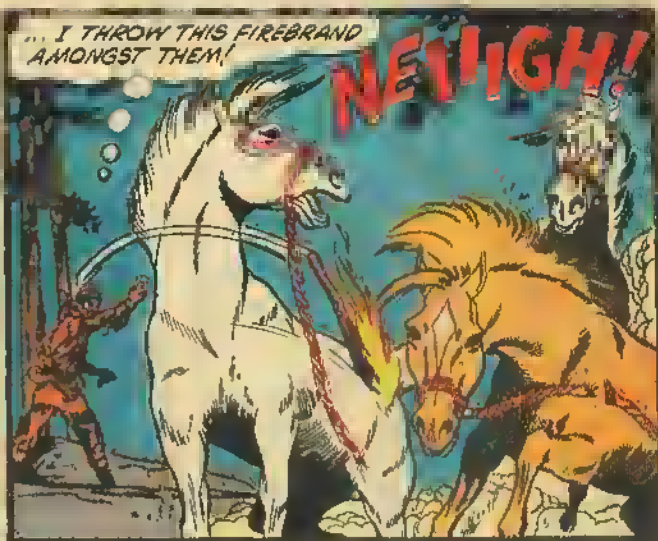


BUT WHEN BOONE MAKES A MOVE TO GO--

YOU STAY
WITH US,
WIDE-
MOUTH!

THESE WAR-AXES WON'T BROOK
ANY ARGUING... BUT SURE AS MY
NAME'S DANIEL, I AIM TO GET
AWAY BEFORE LONG!





WIDE-MOUTH IS STILL IN THE CANEBRAKES! HE WILL WAIT FOR NIGHT TO COME... AND THEN HE WILL RACE TO WARN THE SETTLERS! BUT WE WHO CAN MOVE BOTH BY DAY AND NIGHT, SHALL BE THERE BEFORE HIM....



... NOT TO ATTACK, BUT TO STAND GUARD ON ALL APPROACHES TO THE SETTLEMENT! SO WHEN WIDE MOUTH COMES, WE SHALL BE WAITING! AND ONCE HE COMES... HE WILL ROAM THE FORESTS NO MORE!



NIGHT FALLS, AND BOONE LEAVES THE CANEBRAKES!

HAVE TO SWALLOW DISTANCE IN MIGHTY BIG GULPS...

IF I'M EVER TO WARN THE SETTLERS!



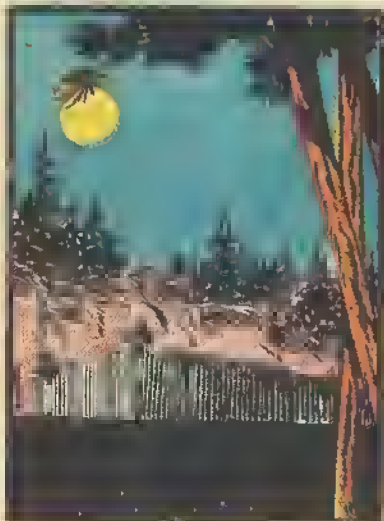
ALL NIGHT HE RUNS, GUIDING HIMSELF BY THE MOON, CAREFUL TO BLIND HIS TRAIL! BUT AT DAWN, HE HIDES IN THE CANEBRAKES AGAIN!



WHEN THE SUN SETS, HE STARTS JOGGING THROUGH THE FOREST AGAIN, KEEPING A STEADY PACE, COMING CLOSER AND CLOSER TO THE SETTLEMENT...



... WHERE THE GRIM CHEROKEES ARE ALREADY WAITING, COVERING EVERY APPROACH!



WE STAND GUARD TOO SOON! IT WILL BE AT LEAST ANOTHER DAY BEFORE WIDE-MOUTH COMES!

NOBODY MOVES FASTER THROUGH THE FOREST THAN WIDE-MOUTH! BUT EVEN HE..



JUST THEN-- SHHHH-- ANOTHER YELP OUT OF EITHER OF YE, AND MY RIFLE WILL DO SOME FAST TALKIN'!



A SHORT TIME LATER-- HE HAS SLIPPED BY OUR GUARDS -- BUT IT WILL DO HIM NO GOOD! HE MUST PASS RIGHT IN FRONT OF OUR ARROWS!

LOOK-- WIDE MOUTH!



NO! NO!... I AM NOT WIDE-MOUTH! HE SURPRISED US AT OUR POST! HE TIED-UP THE OTHER WARRIOR -- AND FORCED ME TO RUSH FORWARD....

... WITH A GAG LOOSE ON MY MOUTH SO I COULD CALL OUT IN TIME TO SAVE MYSELF! BUT WHERE IS WIDE-MOUTH NOW?

I SEE HIM!

I HAVE HIM! NOT ANY MORE YE DON'T! THE WHOLE PASSEL'S RUSHING ME!

BUT THE FRACAS HAS BEEN SPOTTED FROM THE STOCKADE WALL!

BACK TO THE FOREST, WARRIORS! THE SETTLERS' FIRE AT US!... THEY HAVE BEEN WARNED!

ARE YE HURT ANY, DAN'L? NEVER FELT BETTER IN MY LIFE! NOTHIN' LIKE A FAST JOG THROUGH THE FOREST TO WARN FOLKS THAT INDIANS ARE ON THE WAR TRAIL... TO MAKE A MAN FEEL CONTENT!

The End

KIDS!

BE THE FIRST
to send for the
new plastic

KINGS' Knights

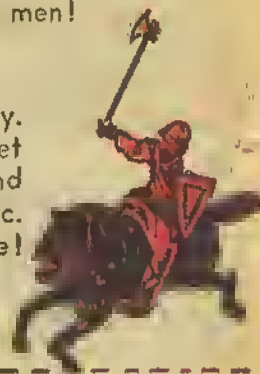
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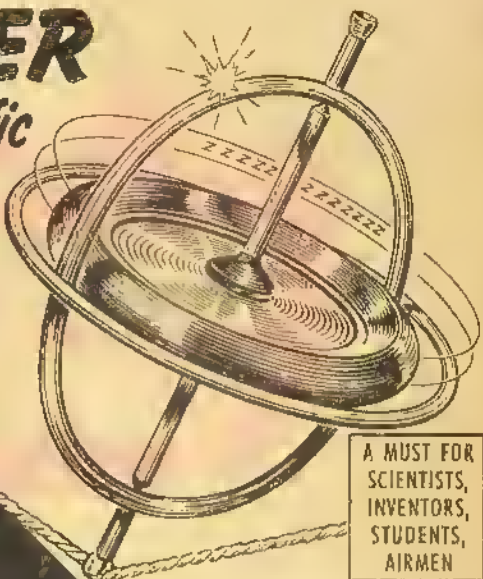
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A MUST FOR
SCIENTISTS,
INVENTORS,
STUDENTS,
ARMY

YOURS
FOR ONLY
\$1.25

COMPLETE WITH
INSTRUCTIONS
FOR ALL
TRICKS

You've seen it demonstrated
on television! Defies Gravity!
Keeps its own balance . . . Spins
and stays at any angle . . . Hangs
in Space . . . Stands on a pinpoint!

NOT
A TOY

So Simple a Child can Operate it!

- TOP QUALITY—PRECISION MADE
- ALL METAL—NOT CHEAP PLASTIC
- SPRING TENSION FRAME
- HEAVY LEADED WHEEL FOR PERFECT BALANCE
- STEEL SPINDLE—MICRON BEARINGS

SPECIAL FREE BONUS with Order of 2 Gyros

To do the famous flying saucer trick and others you'll need
Two Gyros so as a special offer with all orders of 2 or more
Gyro tops, Roto-Sphere will include Free of extra charge,
their special \$1.00 book of over 100 Magic Tricks that you can
do yourself to amaze and entertain your friends.

Here is how you enter—just fill in coupon stating how many
Gyros you want. On arrival pay the postman \$1.25 plus C.O.D.
charge for each Gyro ordered. To save C.O.D. postal charges
enclose your \$1.25 for each Gyro and Roto-Sphere will pay all
charges. Remember you must be completely satisfied or your
money will be refunded. So send today as this offer is limited.

GUARANTEED 100% or Your Money Back

ROTO-SPHERE, INC., Dept. 101
2772 E. 75th Street, Chicago, Illinois

Please cash _____ Gyro tops. I know if I order 2 or more you will
include free of extra charge your wonderful magic book. On arrival I will
pay postman \$1.25 plus C.O.D. FOR EACH GYRO ORDERED. I must
be satisfied or purchase price will be refunded.

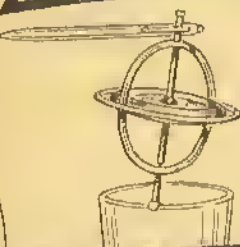
NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

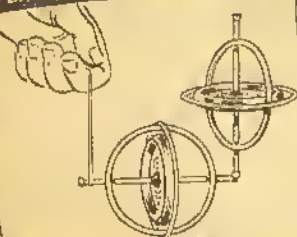
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____

**SAVE MONEY—ROTO-SPHERE PAYS POSTAGE
IF MONEY IS SENT WITH ORDER**

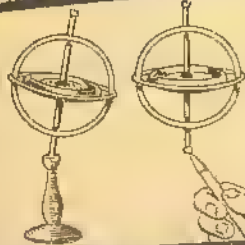
SPINS BOX ON UP-TURNED GLASS



BALANCES PENCIL CLIPPED ON GYRO



FLYING SAUCER WITH 2 GYRO TOPS



SPINS ON PEDESTAL OR ANY FIRM POINT

LIMITED
TIME
OFFER
COUPON

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ROTO-SPHERE, INC. 101

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RADIO



BOY ROGERS
FLASH CAMERA



BOY ROGERS
BINOCULARS



GABBY HAYES
FISHING KIT



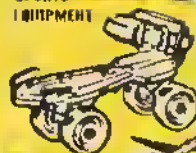
RADIUM DIAL
POCKET WATCH



GIBBS' SHOULDER
SNAP BAG



SPORTS
EQUIPMENT



JET ENGINE
PLANE FLIES
500 FEET!

WALKING
DOLL



TYPEWRITER



WHITE ZIPPER
DIAL



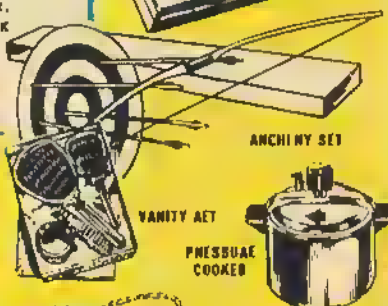
TABLE TENNIS SET



SEWING MACHINE



BOYS OR GIRLS'
BICYCLE



VANITY SET



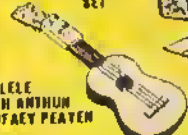
PRESSURE
COOKER



JEWELRY
SET



WOOBURNING SET



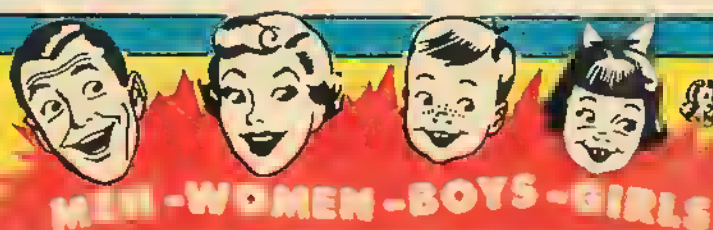
UKULELE
WITH ANTHONY
DOOFAY PEACH



CHEMISTRY SET



RADIO RECEIVING
SET FOR SCOUTS



MAN - WOMEN - BOYS - GIRLS

PRIZES GIVEN

MAKE
MONEY
TOO!

We will send you the wonderful prizes pictured on this page . . . or dozens of others, such as jewelry, radium dial wrist watches, tableware, tools, U- Make-It kits, leather kits, sewing kits, electric clocks, pressure cookers, scout equipment, model airplanes, movie machines, record players, and many others . . . all WITHOUT ONE PENNY OF COST. You don't risk or invest a cent—we send you everything you need ON TRUST. Here's how easy it is: Merely show your friends and neighbors inspiring, beautiful Religious Wall Motto plaques. Many buy six or even more to hang in every room. An amazing value, only 35c . . . sell on sight. You can secure big, cash commissions on many exciting prizes for selling just one set of 24 Motions. Write today for Big Prize catalog sent to you FREE!

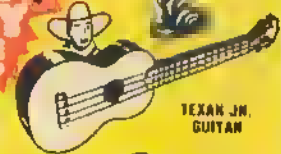
SEND NO MONEY—We Trust You!



ELECTRONIC
TWO-WAY
WALKIE-TALKIE



BOY
ROGERS
OR GALE
EVANS
LAMP



TEXAS J.N.
GUITAR



WRIST WATCHES
FOR BOYS
AND GIRLS



ARCHERY SET

HERE'S HOW YOU GET YOUR PRIZES

It's up to you! Rush your name and address on coupon and we ship AT ONCE PREPAID your first set of 24 big size richly decorated Motions On 15 Days TRUST. When you have sold the 24 Motions, send the \$8.40 you have collected and you can secure your choice of many wonderful prizes. Hurry, send TODAY for 24 Motions ON TRUST and big PRIZE CATALOG FREE!

FREE

Membership in FUNman's Fun Club
EXTRA! Sell motions and send payment within 15 days, and we'll give you FREE a year's Membership in the FUNman's Fun Club. Membership card, certificate, secret code, giant packet of fun materials all yours—PLUS many extra surprises!

The FUNman, Dept. C-115, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, IL. FREE BIG PRIZE CATALOG

Please rush to me on 15 days credit 24 Religious Wall Motions, to sell at 35c each. Also include Big Prize Catalog FREE. I will remit amount required as explained under description of prize in BIG PRIZE CATALOG within 15 days and select the prize I want or keep a cash commission as explained.

NAME _____ AGE _____

STREET or RFD _____

TOWN _____ Zone _____ STATE _____

SEND NO MONEY!... We Trust You!

The FUNman, Dept. C-115, 5726 N. Broadway, Chicago 40, Illinois